FIGHTING WITH DANIEL BOONE
by C.C.COOPER
PLANNING TO FREE CATFISH, BOONE HAS DECOYED THE "DEVILISH DAGGET BOYS" AWAY FROM THEIR CABIN....
WHAR'S HIS TRAIL? I CAIN'T FIND IT NOW!
I DUNNO, DUKE! YOU SEE IT, JUKE?
NAW, LUKE— I'M STUMPED!
HA! NOW I'LL CIRCLE ON BACK TO THEIR CABIN—THEY WON'T EXPECT THAT OF ME!
BUT BACK IN THE CABIN!
OMYGOSH! THIS INJUN'S CRAZY DRUNK ON TH' DAGGET'S RUM!
CHIEF BIG-LITTLE-FOOT HEAP BIG CHIEF! (HIC!) HE GONNA CUT PALEFACE'S NOSE OFF HIS (HIC!) FACE!
CHIEF BIG-LITTLE-FOOT MUS' HAV' PALEFACE'S NOSE—WHO COMES?!
MISTER BOONE!!
BOP!
BACK UP, REDSKIN!
QUICK, CATFISH! I'LL GET THESE ROPES OFF YOU!
SAY! THAT INJUN CUT YOUR HAND!
LISSEN! TH' DAGGETS ARE COMIN' BACK!
QUICK! HIDE UP IN TH' LOFT, MISTER BOONE!
THEY'LL NEVER LOOK FOR YOU UP THERE!
BUT UN-NOTICED BY BOONE, HIS INJURED HAND HAS LEFT BLOODY MARKS ON THE LOFT LADDER!!
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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FIGHTING WITH DANIEL BOONE
by C.C. COOPER—
HAVING DECOYED THE "DEVILISH DAGGET BOYS" AWAY FROM THEIR CABIN, BOONE HAS CIRCLED BACK TO THE CABIN TO FREE CATFISH—
LISSEN! THE DAGGETS ARE COMIN' BACK!
QUICK! CLIMB ON UP INTO TH' LOFT!
BUT AS BOONE CLIMBS UP TO THE LOFT, HIS INJURED HAND LEAVES A BLOODY TRAIL ON THE LADDER!!
DAD-GUM IT! WE LOST THAT FELLOW'S TRAIL
SAY, LOOK! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO CHIEF BIG-LITTLE-FOOT?!
YOU BEEN DRINKIN' OUR RUM, CHIEF??
NO! HEAP BIG PALEFACE COME IN-HIT CHIEF BIG-LITTLE-FOOT ON HEAD!
DON'T BELIEVE THAT INJUN! HE GOT DRUNK OFFA YOUR RUM AN' IS JUS' MAKIN' UP SOME WILD TALE!
HM-M! I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGH—SAY! WHAT'S THIS ON THE LOFT LADDER??!
THERE'S BLOODY SPOTS ON THAT LADDER, DUKE!
SOMEONE'S UP THERE, LUKE!!
GRAB YORE RIFLE, JUKE!
I'M TRAPPED! I GOTTA ACT FAST AN' GET TH' LID OFF THIS HERE KEG—IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!!
Stroppers Guide Restoration
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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FIGHTING WITH DANIEL BOONE
by G.C.COOPER
TRYING TO FREE CATFISH, BOONE IS TRAPPED BY THE "DEVILISH DAGGET BOYS" IN THE LOFT OF THEIR CABIN—
I'LL THROW THIS GUNPOWDER IN THEIR EYES AN' CONFUSE 'EM! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
SHOOT HIM!!
HEY! WHA—!
OW! MY EYES!
I CAIN'T SEE!!
PUT 'EM UP DAGGET BOYS!
HERE, CATFISH! LEMME CUT YOUR ROPES—AN' YOU DAGGETS KEEP 'EM UP!
DAD GUM, YOU! WHAT'D YOU THRO' IN OUR EYES?!
YOU DAGGETS HAVE CAUSED MANY AN INJUN MASSACREE BY BREWIN' AN' SELLIN' YOUR ROTTEN RUM TO THE INJUNS...
..SO TO PUNISH YOU I'M GONNA MAKE YOU DRINK SOME OF YOUR OWN RUM (HA!)
NO! NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT! SHOOT US FIRST—PLEASE!
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.: Copyright, 1942, by The Chicago Tribune.
NEXT WEEK—"THE DAGGETS GET PUNISHED!"